DELL
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JUN.-AUG.
AIR WAR
STORIES
THE SKIES EXPLODE INTO A FIERY FURNACE WHEN HEAVY BOMBERS MEET THE DEADLY THREAT OF ACK-ACK BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES!!!
S·J·G

Test your Talent

Contest Prize: $595.00 Scholarship in Commercial Art

Draw your choice of any one of these heads. Draw it any size you want except like a tracing. Use pencil. Everyone who enters this contest gets a professional estimate of his talent without charge. Contest winner receives a complete art course — free training in advertising art, magazine illustrating, cartooning, or painting.

Try for this free art course from America's largest home study art school. Students are taught, individually, by professional artists. Illustrated art textbooks cover both basic and advanced training. Many former students of this school now earn upwards from $150 a week as commercial artists. Some earn $25,000 a year or even more, doing the kind of work they enjoy most.

Purpose of contest: to uncover hidden talent. So be sure to enter! Which of these heads would be the most fun to draw? Entries for this contest due by June 30. None can be returned. Our students and professional artists are not eligible. Contest winner notified. Start on your entry today.

Use 1 coupon, then pass this page on to a friend

1. **AI/ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS**
Studio 2025 • 500 So. 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415
Please enter my drawing in your draw-a-head contest. (PLEASE PRINT)
Name _____
Occupation _____ Age ____
Address _____ Apt. ____
City _____ Zip Code ____
County _____ State _____
Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

2. **AI/ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS**
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City _____ Zip Code ____
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Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

Robert Carswell
March/65

IT WAS THE UNFAIREST MISMATCH SINCE DAVID AND GOLIATH...A FLIMSY, UNDERPOWERED LITTLE FIGHTER PLANE PITTED AGAINST IMPERIAL GERMANY'S NEWEST AND MIGHTIEST BEHEMOTH OF THE AIR! ANYONE WHO KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT AERIAL WARFARE COULD NOT HAVE THE SLIGHTEST DOUBT ABOUT WHICH

AIR WAR STORIES, No. 4, June-August 1965. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. All rights reserved throughout the world. Single copy price 12¢. The events contained herein are fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A. Designed, produced, and copyright © 1965 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

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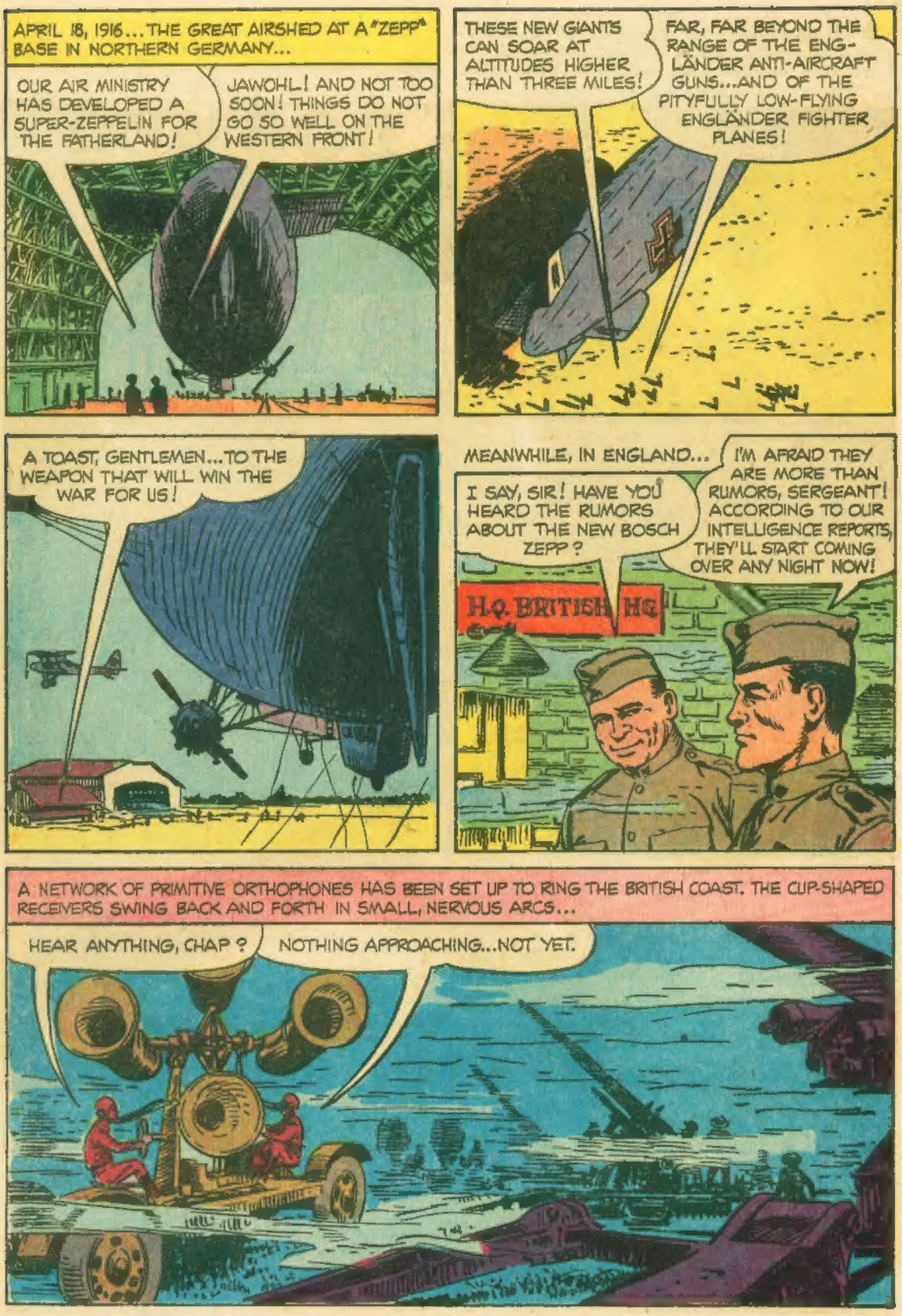
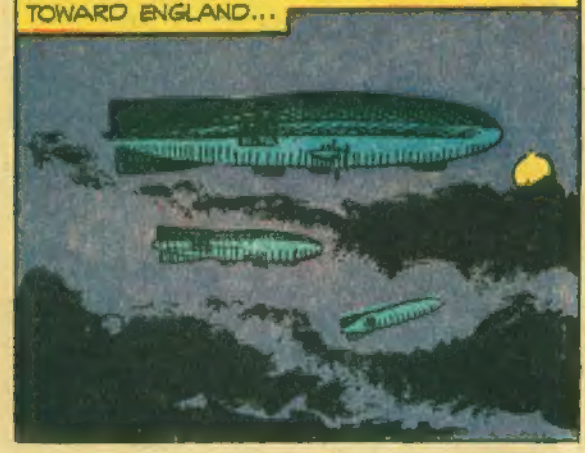
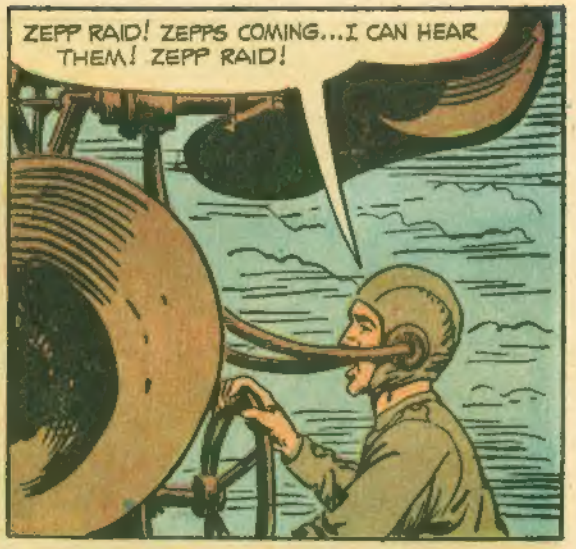

APRIL 18, 1916... THE GREAT AIRSHED AT A "ZEPP" BASE IN NORTHERN GERMANY...
OUR AIR MINISTRY HAS DEVELOPED A SUPER-ZEPPELIN FOR THE FATHERLAND!
JAWOHL! AND NOT TOO SOON! THINGS DO NOT GO SO WELL ON THE WESTERN FRONT!
THESE NEW GIANTS CAN SOAR AT ALTITUDES HIGHER THAN THREE MILES!
FAR, FAR BEYOND THE RANGE OF THE ENGLÄNDER ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS...AND OF THE PITYFULLY LOW-FLYING ENGLÄNDER FIGHTER PLANES!
A TOAST, GENTLEMEN...TO THE WEAPON THAT WILL WIN THE WAR FOR US!
MEANWHILE, IN ENGLAND...
I SAY, SIR! HAVE YOU HEARD THE RUMORS ABOUT THE NEW BOSCH ZEPP?
I'M AFRAID THEY ARE MORE THAN RUMORS, SERGEANT! ACCORDING TO OUR INTELLIGENCE REPORTS, THEY'LL START COMING OVER ANY NIGHT NOW!
H.Q. BRITISH HG
A NETWORK OF PRIMITIVE ORTHOPHONES HAS BEEN SET UP TO RING THE BRITISH COAST. THE CUP-SHAPED RECEIVERS SWING BACK AND FORTH IN SMALL, NERVOUS ARCS...
HEAR ANYTHING, CHAP?
NOTHING APPROACHING...NOT YET.

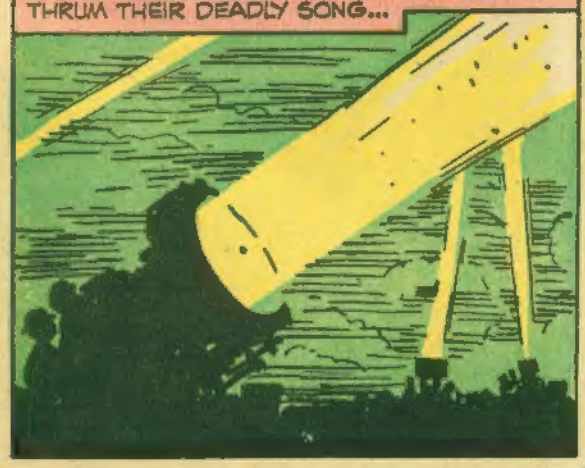
THE NEXT NIGHT... AT THE HITHERTO UNHEARD-OF ALTITUDE OF 16,000 FEET, THREE OF THE NEW AERIAL MONSTERS CRUISE WESTWARD TOWARD ENGLAND...



ZEPP RAID! ZEPPS COMING... I CAN HEAR THEM! ZEPP RAID!

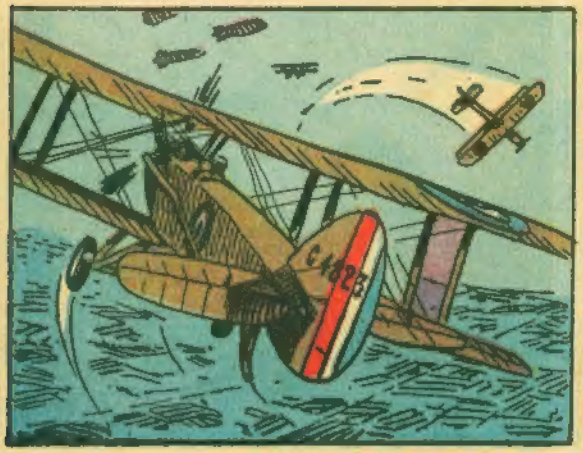


SEARCHLIGHTS CRISSCROSS BLINDLY, IN VAIN ATTEMPTS TO PENETRATE THE CLOUD LAYERS ABOVE WHICH ZEPPELIN ENGINES THRUM THEIR DEADLY SONG...

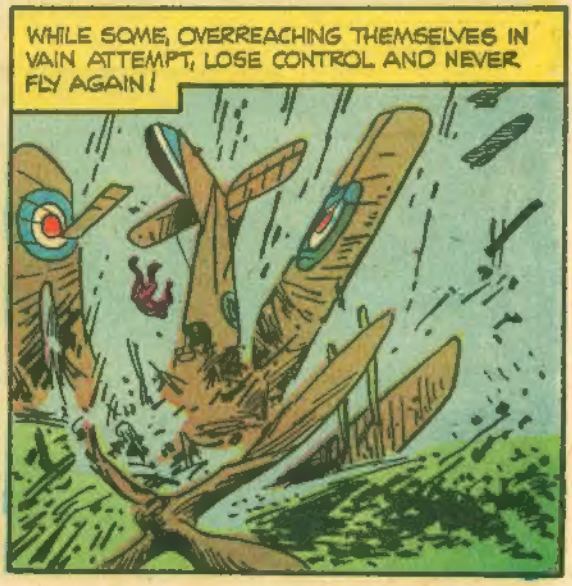


ACK-ACK SHELLS BURST FAR SHORT OF THEIR TARGET, TEARING ONLY BITS OF CLOUDS TO SHREDS...

CHATTERING AND SPUTTERING FEEBLY, ENGLISH FIGHTER PLANES CLIMB HIGHER THAN THEY HAVE EVER CLIMBED BEFORE... BUT NONE CAN FLY HIGH ENOUGH TO REACH THE TARGET...

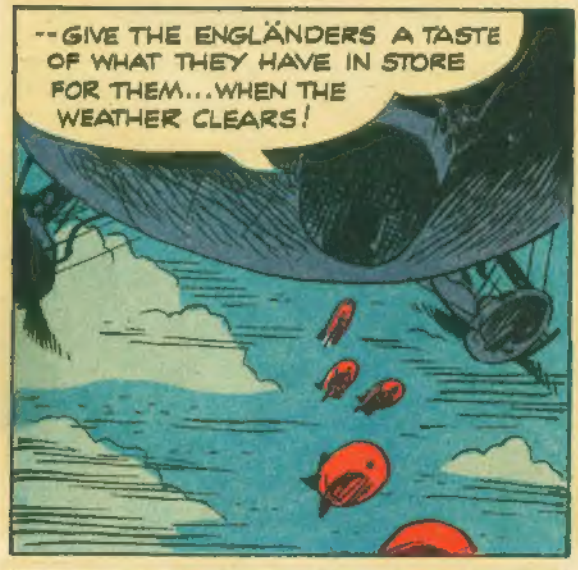


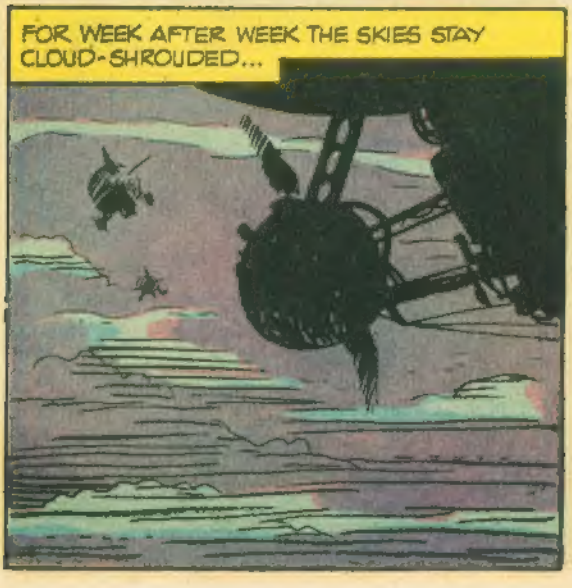
WHILE SOME, OVERREACHING THEMSELVES IN VAIN ATTEMPT, LOSE CONTROL AND NEVER FLY AGAIN!

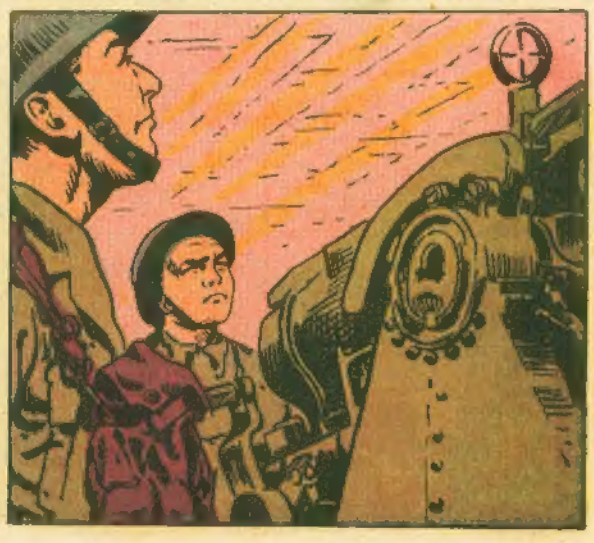


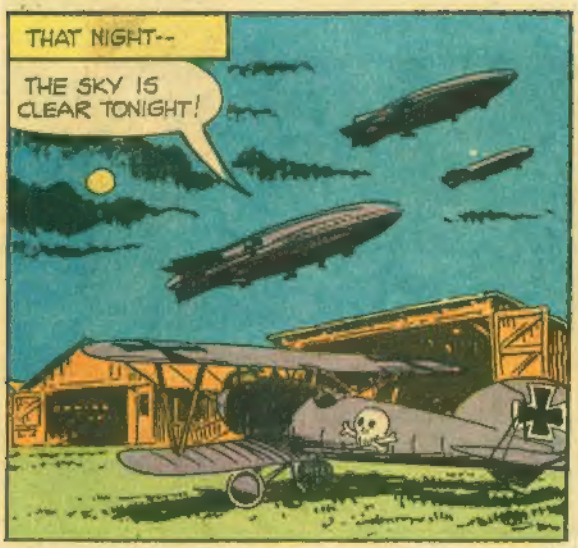
MEANWHILE, IN THE CONTROL GONDOLA OF ONE OF THE MONSTERS OF THE SKY...
ENGLAND LIES HELPLESS BELOW! IF NOT FOR THOSE HEAVY CLOUD LAYERS, WE COULD DESTROY OUR TARGETS WITH EASE!

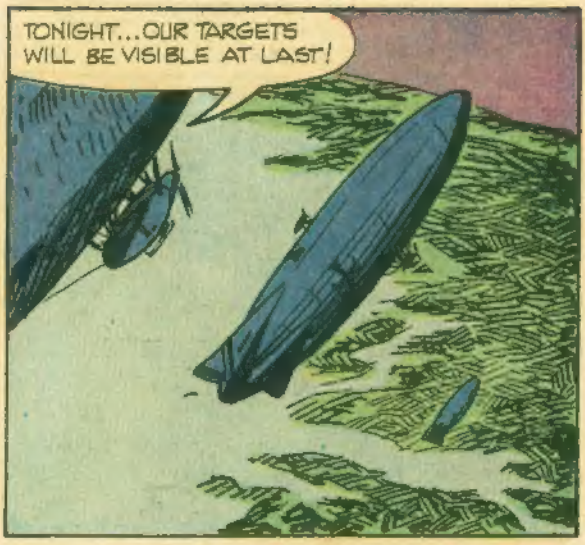
RELEASE ALL BOMBS!


--GIVE THE ENGLÄNDERS A TASTE OF WHAT THEY HAVE IN STORE FOR THEM...WHEN THE WEATHER CLEARS!


FOR WEEK AFTER WEEK THE SKIES STAY CLOUD-SHROUDED...

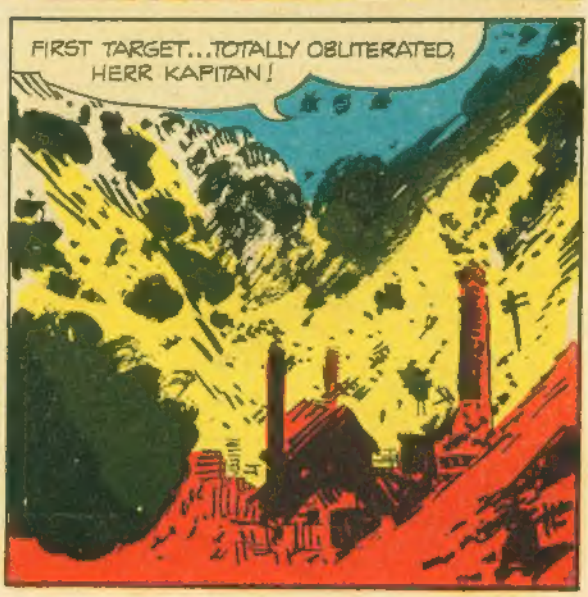

BUT THEN, ONE DAY...THE WEATHER CLEARS!


THAT NIGHT--
THE SKY IS CLEAR TONIGHT!


TONIGHT...OUR TARGETS WILL BE VISIBLE AT LAST!

DESPERATELY, THE BRITISH HOME GUARD SWINGS INTO ACTION...
6681

THERE GOES NOTHING! OUR CHAPS CAN NEVER GET UP TO WHERE THOSE ZEPPS FLY!...WE'VE HAD IT!


FIRST TARGET...TOTALLY OBLITERATED, HERR KAPITAN!

THE MONSTROUS AIRSHIPS CRUISE AT THEIR LEISURE, SWINGING IN GIANT CIRCLES, SLOWLY METHODICALLY...

--OBLITERATING TARGET AFTER TARGET!

SPUTTERING AND WHEEZING, THE BRITISH FIGHTERS FIGHT THEIR WAY UPWARDS...

KOUGH

KOUGH

KOUGH

BUT THEY ARE UNDERPOWERED FOR CLIMBS BEYOND 8,000 FEET. THEY MAKE SLOW AGONIZING PROGRESS..

ONE GOES DOWN IN FLAMES, HIT BY A BURST OF ITS OWN COUNTRYMEN'S ACK-ACK---

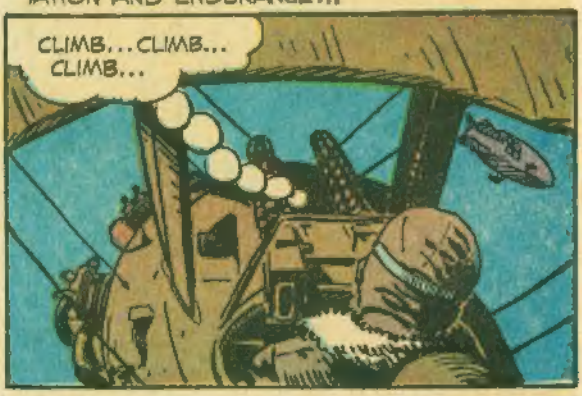
THE ENGINE OF ANOTHER BREAKS UNDER THE STRAIN. ITS NOSE EDGES OVER AND, HURTLING DOWNWARD, IT SCREECHES TO EARTH IN A DEATH-DIVE...

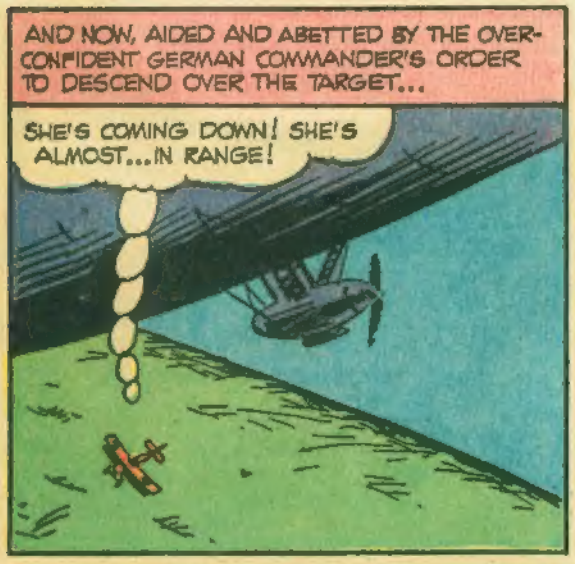
ONE BY ONE, THEIR CONFIDENCE DRAINED, THEIR PETROL RUNNING LOW, THE HOME GUARDERS GIVE UP THE CHASE...

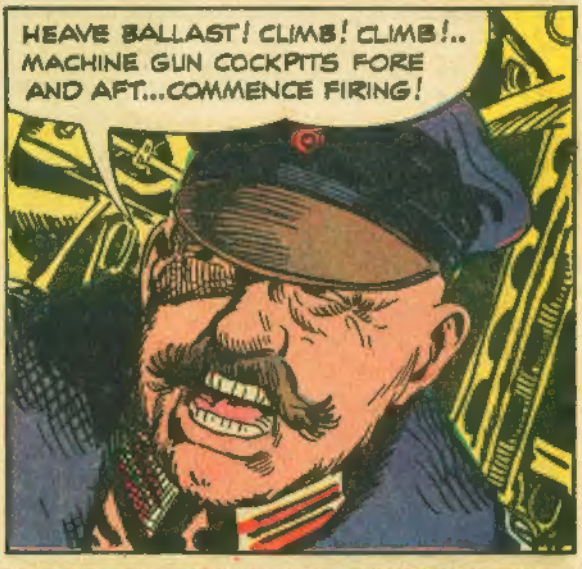
STILL THE GIANT ZEPS ZIGZAG SLOWLY, SEARCHING OUT TARGET AFTER TARGET, CERTAIN OF THEIR INVINCIBILITY...

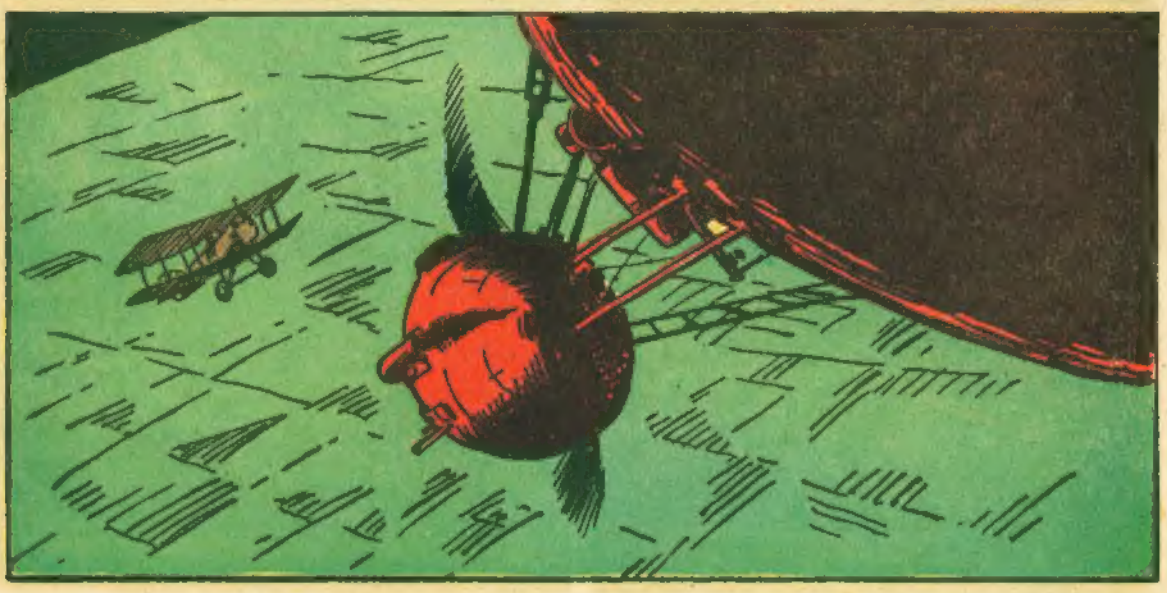
RELEASE GAS VALVE! DESCEND OVER TARGET!

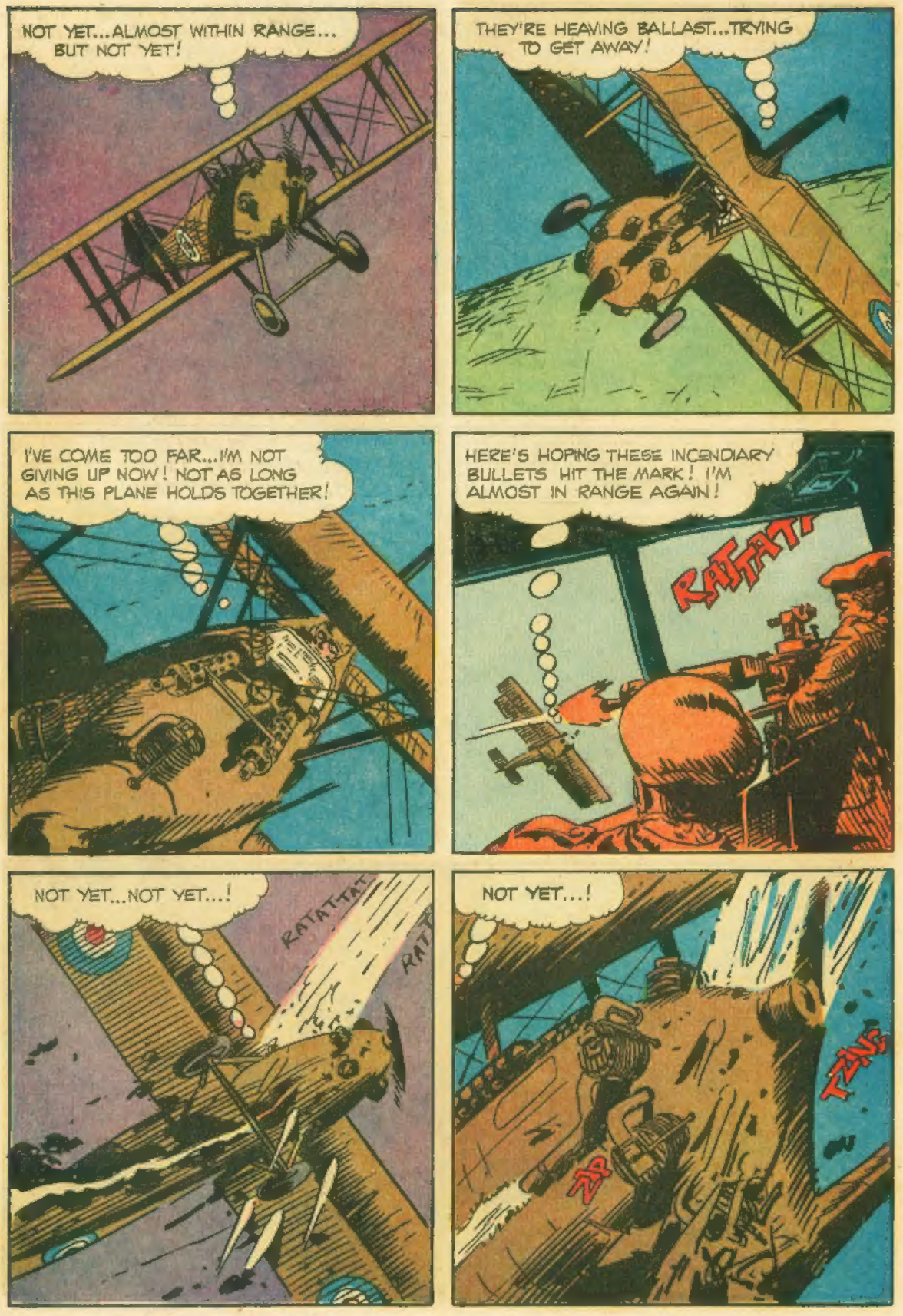
HOW?? BY URGING HIS MACHINE UP INTO THE NIGHT'S THINNEST AIR, BY IMPOSING HIS OWN TENACITY, AND GRIM SENSE OF PURPOSE, BIDDING PISTONS AND PETROL AND VALVES TO PERFORM BEYOND THE CALL OF EXPECTATION AND ENDURANCE...



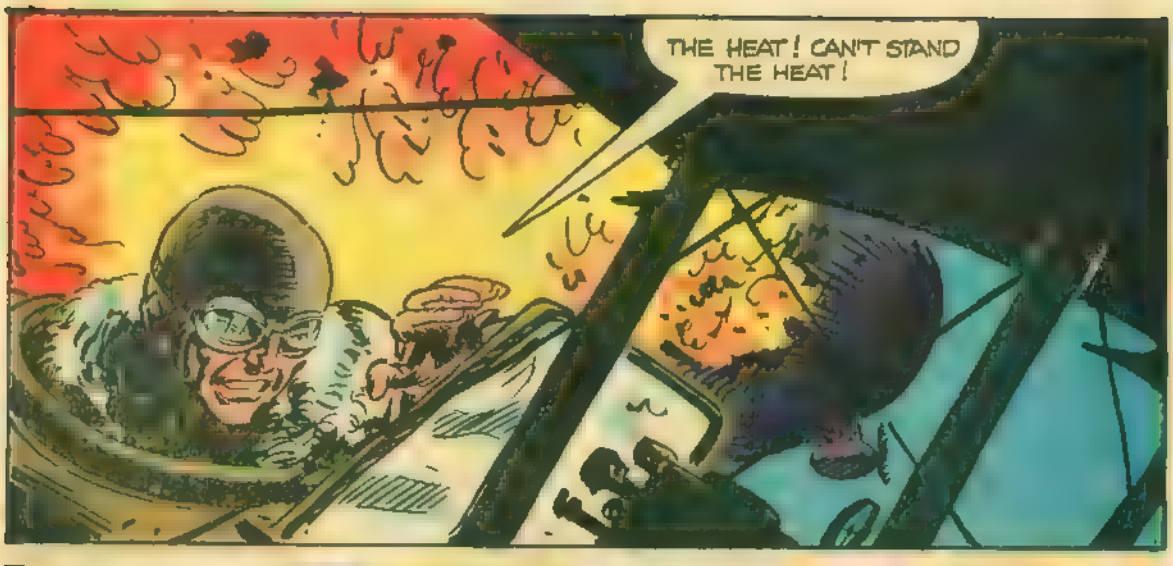

AND NOW, AIDED AND ABETTED BY THE OVER-CONFIDENT GERMAN COMMANDER'S ORDER TO DESCEND OVER THE TARGET...
SHE'S COMING DOWN! SHE'S ALMOST...IN RANGE!

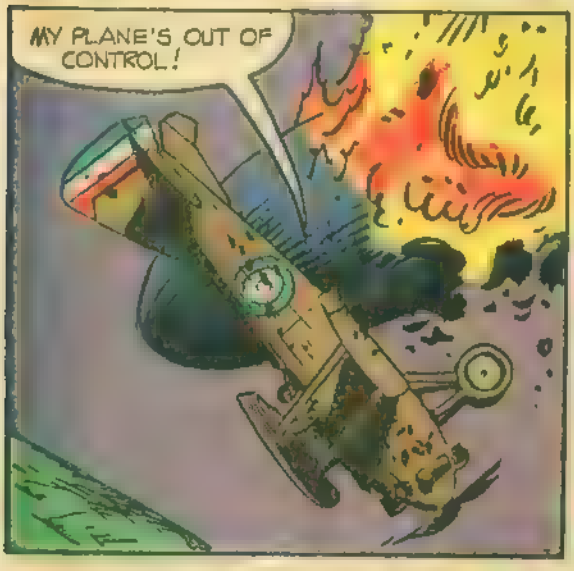


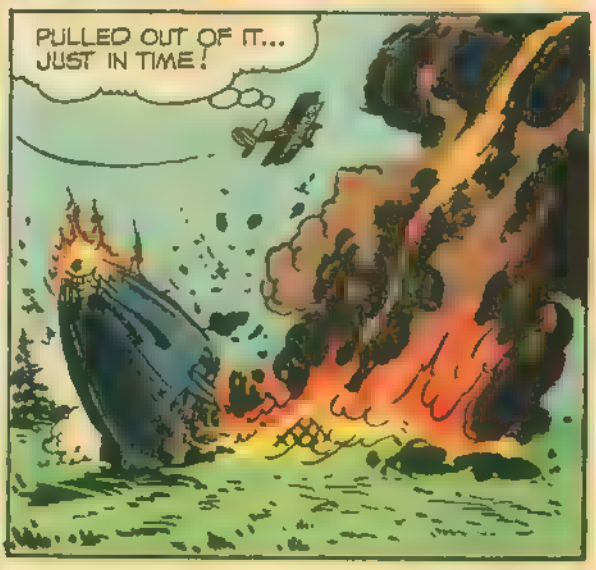



NOT YET...ALMOST WITHIN RANGE... BUT NOT YET!
THEY'RE HEAVING BALLAST...TRYING TO GET AWAY!
I'VE COME TOO FAR...I'M NOT GIVING UP NOW! NOT AS LONG AS THIS PLANE HOLDS TOGETHER!
HERE'S HOPING THESE INCENDIARY BULLETS HIT THE MARK! I'M ALMOST IN RANGE AGAIN!
RATTATT
NOT YET...NOT YET...!
RATTATTAT
RATT
NOT YET...!
ZR
TZING

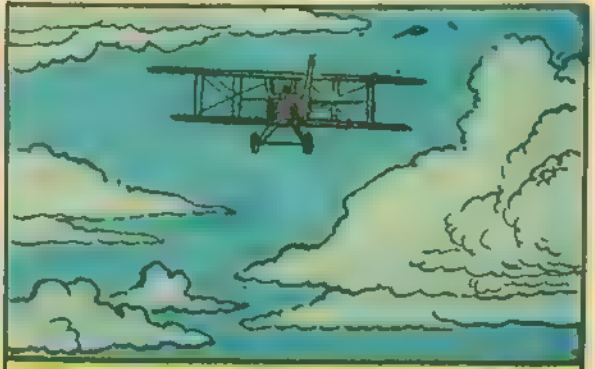
NOW!
RAT-TAT
I-I SLAMMED A WHOLE DRUMFUL OF INCENDIARIES INTO THE BIG BAG...B-BUT NOTHING HAPPENED!
JUST THEN...
WHOMP







AND SO WAS THE MYTH THAT IMPERIAL GERMANY HAD CREATED A MONSTROUS AIR MACHINE THAT WOULD WIN THE WAR!



AND, DESPITE THE CERTAINTY OF "ANYONE WHO KNEW ANYTHING" ABOUT AERIAL WARFARE... IT WAS THE ZEPPELIN THAT WAS DOOMED!

THE END

SEE THAT? WELL, BELIEVE IT OR NOT--IT'S A FLESH-AND-BLOOD MAN!
HERE HE IS--IN "REGULAR" WORKCLOTHES...AND ON THE JOB!
ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY, ALL COVERED WITH SNOW, I LOST MY TRUE LOVE BY A-COURTING TOO SLOW...
S.J.G.

YES, SIREE! THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT--THE ONE AND ONLY HIGH-FLYING HILLBILLY KNOWN TO ALL AND SUNDRY AS...

HAYSEED HARRINGTON

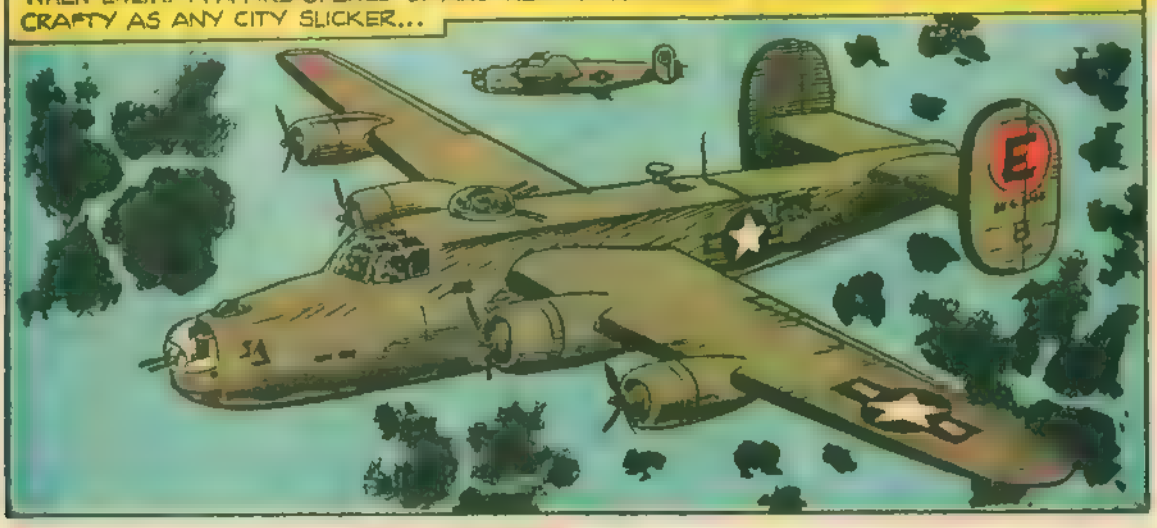
AIR WAR STORIES

NONE OF THE CREW WILL EVER FORGET THE FIRST DAY WE SAW HIM...
ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY ALL COVERED WITH SNOW...
WHO'S THAT?
BEATS ME! NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE!
HOWDY, THERE! I RECKON YOU-ALL COULD USE SOME HELP!
B-BUT CAPTAIN...
NO BUTS, SOLDIER! BACK WHERE I COME FROM, FOLKS ALWAYS GIVE A HAND AT BARN-RAISINGS! IT'S THE NEIGHBORLY THING TO DO!
WHAT'S HE BUCKING FOR?
A MEDICAL DISCHARGE-- WHAT ELSE?
OH-OH-- HERE COMES THE OLD MAN... WITH STORMY WEATHER WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS FACE!
CAPTAIN HARRINGTON... I PRESUME?!
YES, SIR, COLONEL! MIGHTY PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, SIR!

YOUR ORDERS WERE TO REPORT IN IMMEDIATELY UPON ARRIVAL! YOU'RE HERE TO FLY A LIBERATOR BOMBER, CAPTAIN... NOT TO CONSTRUCT ENLISTED MEN'S HUTMENTS!
I'M SURE-ENOUGH SORRY YOU'RE SO DISPLEASED, SIR! I MEANT NO HARM..
THAT WILL BE ALL! JUST MAKE SURE THAT FROM NOW ON YOU ACT LIKE AN OFFICER!
LATER, AT OFFICERS' MESS--
HOWDY, FRIENDS! HARRINGTON'S MY NAME! I'M SURE-CERTAIN GLAD TO MEET YOU-ALL!
YOU-ALL?!... JUST GET A LOAD OF THAT HILLBILLY TALK!
COME OFF IT, HARRINGTON! NOBODY REALLY TALKS THAT WAY...YOU MUST BE PULLING OUR LEGS!
PULLING YOUR LEGS?! NO, SIR! I'D NEVER DO A THING LIKE THAT...NOT UNLESS WE GOT TANGLED UP IN A FRIENDLY RASSLING MATCH!

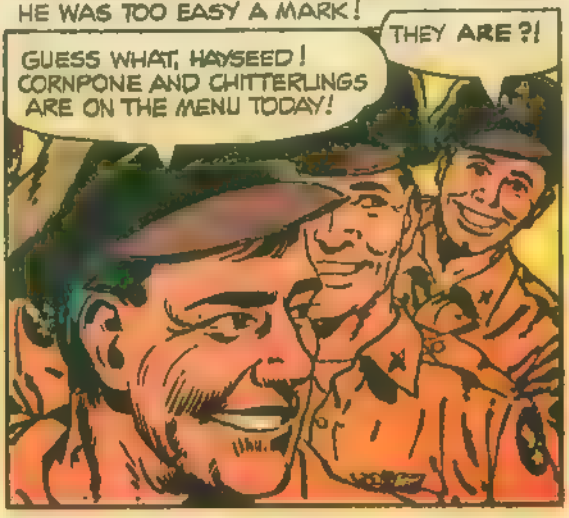
AS LIBERATOR PILOTS GO...HAYSEED WAS RIGHT UP THERE WITH THE BEST OF THEM. HE NEVER TURNED AWAY FROM A PRIMARY TARGET, NO MATTER HOW THICK THE FLAK..

WHEN ENEMY A-A FIRE OPENED UP AND HE HAD TO RESORT TO EVASIVE ACTION, HE WAS AS CRAFTY AS ANY CITY SLICKER...



BATTLE DAMAGE NEVER FAZED HIM. AS LONG AS HIS LIBERATOR HELD TOGETHER, HE ALWAYS NURSED HER HOME SAFELY...

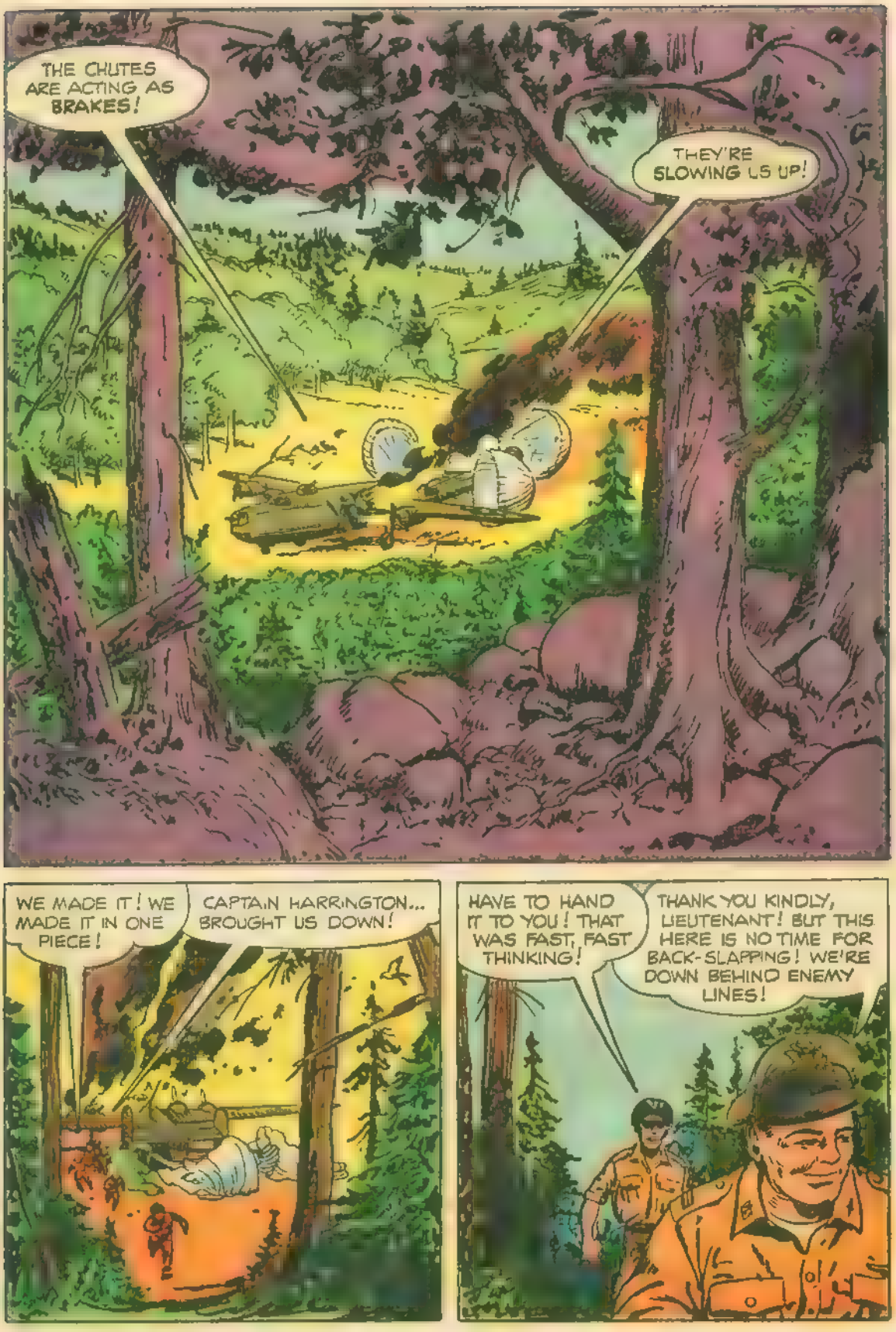
BUT NOBODY COULD RESIST RIBBING HIM! WITH THAT DRAWL OF HIS AND HIS HILLBILLY WAYS.. HE WAS TOO EASY A MARK!



THEY'RE ON THE MENU, ALL RIGHT--BUT THAT'S POWDERED EGG ON YOUR PLATE...AS USUAL!
AW SHUCKS! I SURE-ENOUGH HAVE A HANKERING FOR CORN PONE AND CHITTERLINGS!
EVEN THE ENLISTED MEN FOUND IT HARD TO KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE IN HIS PRESENCE..
YES, HAYSEED--I MEAN, CAPTAIN HARRINGTON, S.R!
I HEARD THAT, SERGEANT!
CONFINE THAT MAN TO QUARTERS! DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT HE CALLED YOU?!
AWH... HE D.DN'T MEAN ANY HARM, SIR!
HE SHOWED DISRESPECT FOR AN OFFICER! CONFINE HIM TO QUARTERS... THAT'S AN ORDER, HARRINGTON!
YOU-ALL BETTER DO AS THE COLONEL SAYS...GO AND CONFINE YOURSELF!
HE'LL NEVER GAIN THEIR RESPECT! NEVER!
BUT THE DAY CAME WHEN...

A MISSION THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A MILK RUN TURNED TERRIBLY SOUR---AND HAYSEED'S LIBERATOR HAD SUSTAINED TOO MUCH BATTLE DAMAGE TO STAY ALOFT..
I'D LIKE TO GIVE ORDERS TO BAIL OUT...THAT'S FOR CERTAIN-SURE! BUT WE'VE LOST TOO MUCH ALTITUDE!
WELL...W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
NOTHIN' I CAN DO... BUT BRING US DOWN ON THAT ITTY-BITTY FIELD!
DOWN THERE?! AT OUR AIR SPEED...AND THE BRAKE SYSTEM ALL SHOT TO PIECES?!
NO NEED WORRYING OVER THE BRAKE SYSTEM...OUR LAST ENGINE IS QUITTING ON US, TOO!
IT TOOK ALL THE MOUNTAIN MAN'S STRENGTH TO PULL BACK THE CONTROL COLUMN...
UNNNNH!
BUT HE MANAGED...
RECKON WE CAN CIRCLE THE FIELD ONE MORE TIME NOW! THAT'LL GIVE US TIME TO PONDER OUR PREE-DICAMENT A MITE!

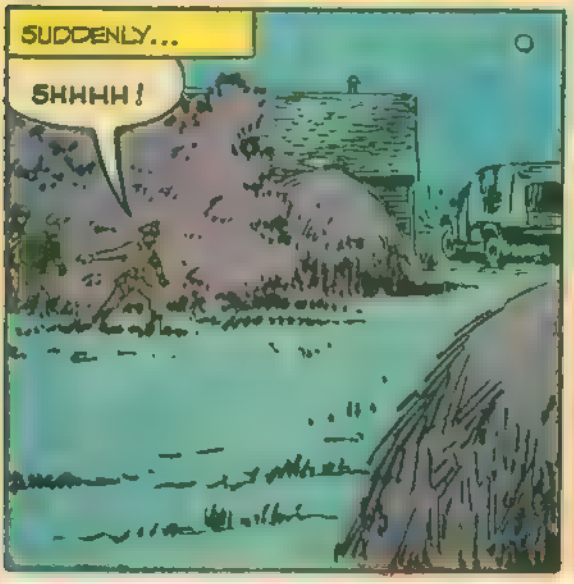
PONDER IT?! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT IN LESS THAN A MINUTE...
SHHHH! I GOT ME AN IDEA!
PILOT TO WAIST GUNNERS! RIG YOUR CHUTES TO YOUR GUN MOUNTS! SET THEM SO THEY'LL POP OPEN IN OUR SLIP STREAM WHEN I GIVE THE ORDER!...PILOT TO TAIL GUNNER... YOU DO THE SAME!
HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?! WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?!
IT JUST MIGHT GET US DOWN IN ONE PIECE, FRIEND! NOW YOU SIT TIGHT, FRIEND...AND START PRAYING!
WE'RE TOUCHING DOWN! TOO FAST...TOO FAST!
OPEN THOSE CHUTES!
OPEN THEM! OPEN THEM...!


THE CHUTES ARE ACTING AS BRAKES!
THEY'RE SLOWING US UP!
WE MADE IT! WE MADE IT IN ONE PIECE!
CAPTAIN HARRINGTON... BROUGHT US DOWN!
HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU! THAT WAS FAST, FAST THINKING!
THANK YOU KINDLY, LIEUTENANT! BUT THIS HERE IS NO TIME FOR BACK-SLAPPING! WE'RE DOWN BEHIND ENEMY LINES!

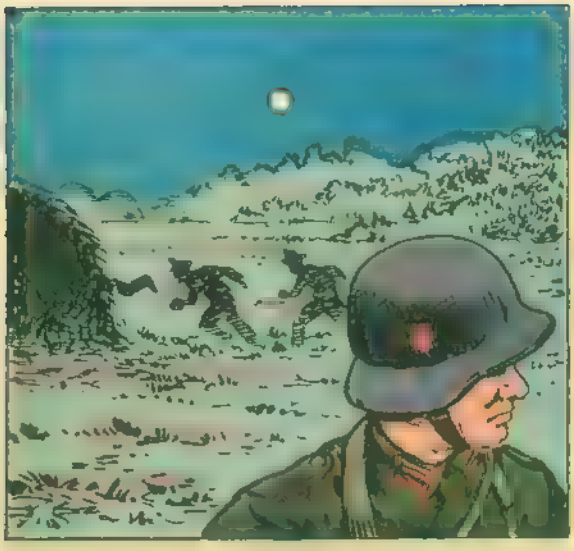
I RECKON WE'D BETTER START A-TRAIPSING BACK FOR OUR OWN LINES!
YOU LEAD THE WAY, SIR...WE'LL FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE!

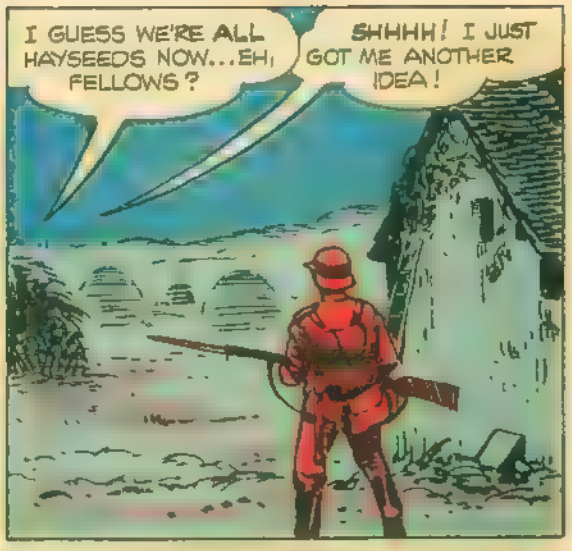
HE LED THE WAY THE REST OF THAT DAY...

AND ALMOST ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT...

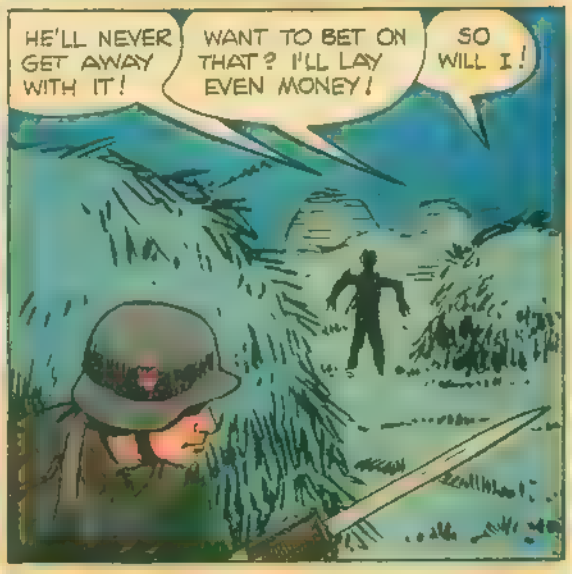

SUDDENLY...
SHHHH!

SHHHH! THE HAYSTACK! DIVE FOR IT, MEN! DIVE... BEFORE THAT KRAUT TURNS AROUND!




I GUESS WE'RE ALL HAYSEEDS NOW...EH, FELLOWS?
SHHHH! I JUST GOT ME ANOTHER IDEA!

WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING NOW?
I RECKON IF I LOOK ENOUGH LIKE A SCARE-CROW...I JUST MIGHT CATCH ME A "CROW."


HE'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!
WANT TO BET ON THAT? I'LL LAY EVEN MONEY!
SO WILL I!

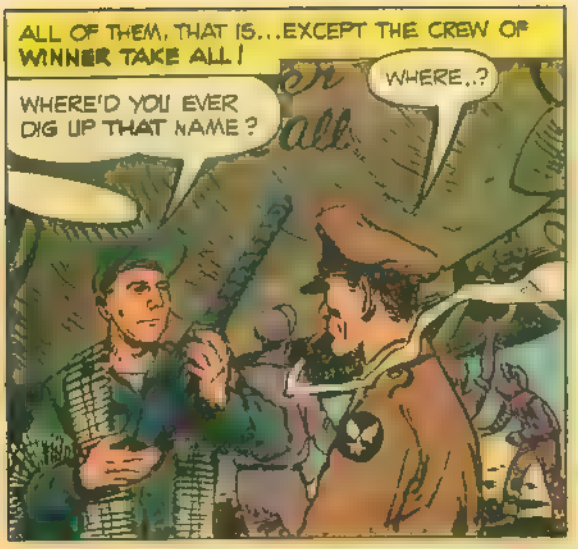
SHHHH!
SHHHH!

MPPPF GLLLLB!
GOLDBERG, GET INTO THIS UNIFORM!
WHY ME, SIR?
BECALSE YOU TALK KRAUT, SON...AND FOR A WHILE YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THE LEADING!
THERE'S THE KRAUT MOTOR POOL JUST OVER YONDER...AND ONE MORE GUARD! JUST WALK UP TO HIM NATURAL-LIKE...I WON'T BE FAR AWAY!
HALT!

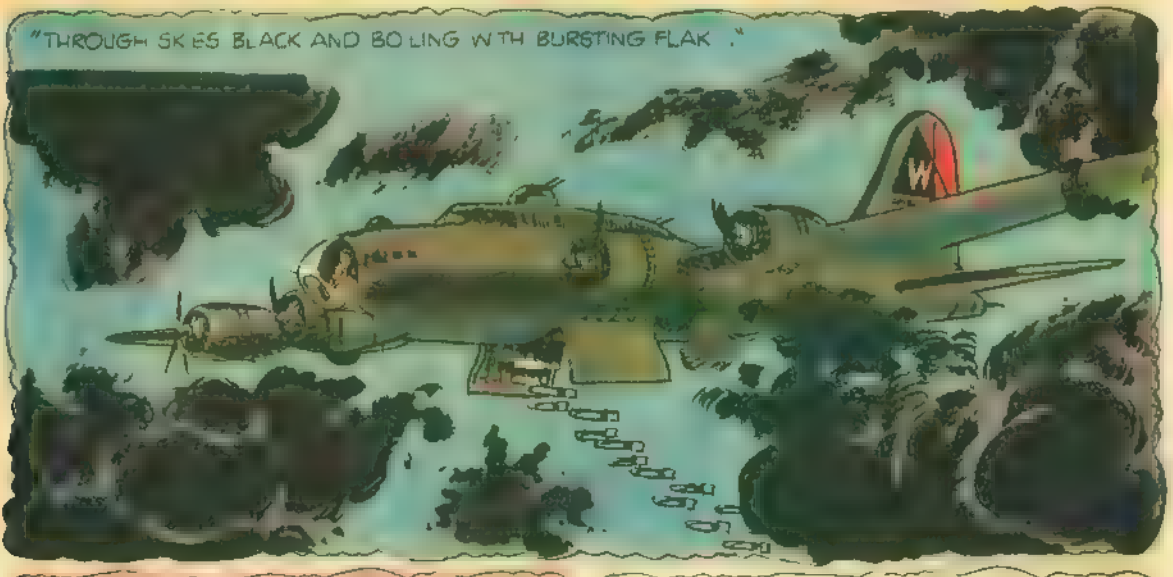
I RECKON I GOT ME A KRAUT UNIFORM NOW, TOO!...NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PICK OUT A KRAUT TRUCK!
ALL ABOARD, MEN! WE'RE A-HEADING FOR HOME!

HALT!
BE GLAD TO, FRIENDS!... RECKON I SURE-ENOUGH DON'T LOOK LIKE ONE IN THIS GET-UP BUT I'M AN AMERICAN!
OH, YEAH? WHAT'S THE PASSWORD?
RELAX...CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT DRAWL? HE'S NO KRAUT! HE'S A HAYSEED FROM THE HIGH HILLS!
BETTER BUTTON YOUR LIP, BUDDY!
ANYBODY CALLS OUR CAPTAIN A HAYSEED...WILL HAVE TO ANSWER TO US!
O.K.... O.K....KEEP YOUR SHIRTS ON! WE DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS AN OFFICER!
GREAT JOB, CAPTAIN HARRINGTON!
I'M SURE-ENOUGH DEE-LIGHTED THAT YOU'RE SO ALL-MIGHTY PLEASED, SIR!
— NOW IF YOU COULD ONLY ARRANGE FOR THEM TO SERVE CORN PONE AND CHITTERLINGS AT THE MESS EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE...!
THE END

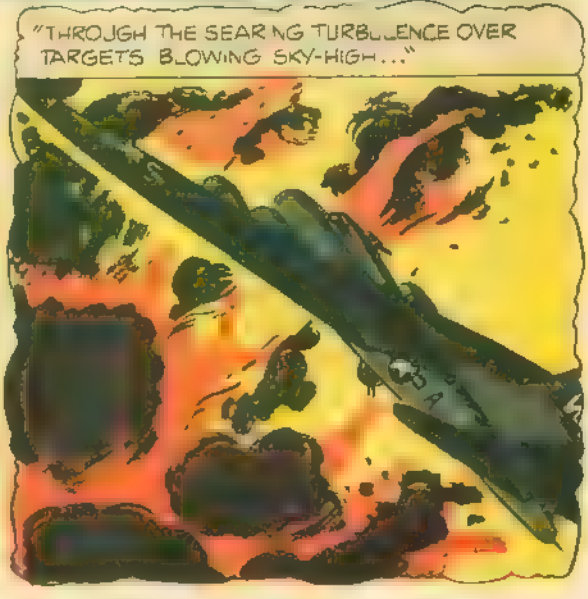
TWENTY-FIVE MISSIONS...AND THEN YOU WENT HOME! BUT THE AVERAGE LOSSES ON EACH MISSION WERE 8%! THAT MEANT YOU USED UP ABOUT 200% OF YOUR CHANCES FOR SURVIVAL ON A TWENTY-FIVE MISSION TOUR. NO WONDER THE CREWS SWEATED EVERY TIME THEY WENT UP. NO WONDER THEY WERE ALL HAUNTED BY THE PHRASE--


ALL OF THEM, THAT IS...EXCEPT THE CREW OF WINNER TAKE ALL!
WHERE..?
WHERE'D YOU EVER DIG UP THAT NAME?

FROM OUR COMBAT RECORD. WHERE ELSE?... LOOK AT THAT BABY. SHE'S FLOWN TWENTY-FOUR MISSIONS... AND HARDLY A SCRATCH!


"THROUGH SKIES BLACK AND BOILING WITH BURSTING FLAK..."

"THROUGH HAILSTORMS OF BULLETS THROWN BY MESSERSCHMIDTS AND HENKELS..."

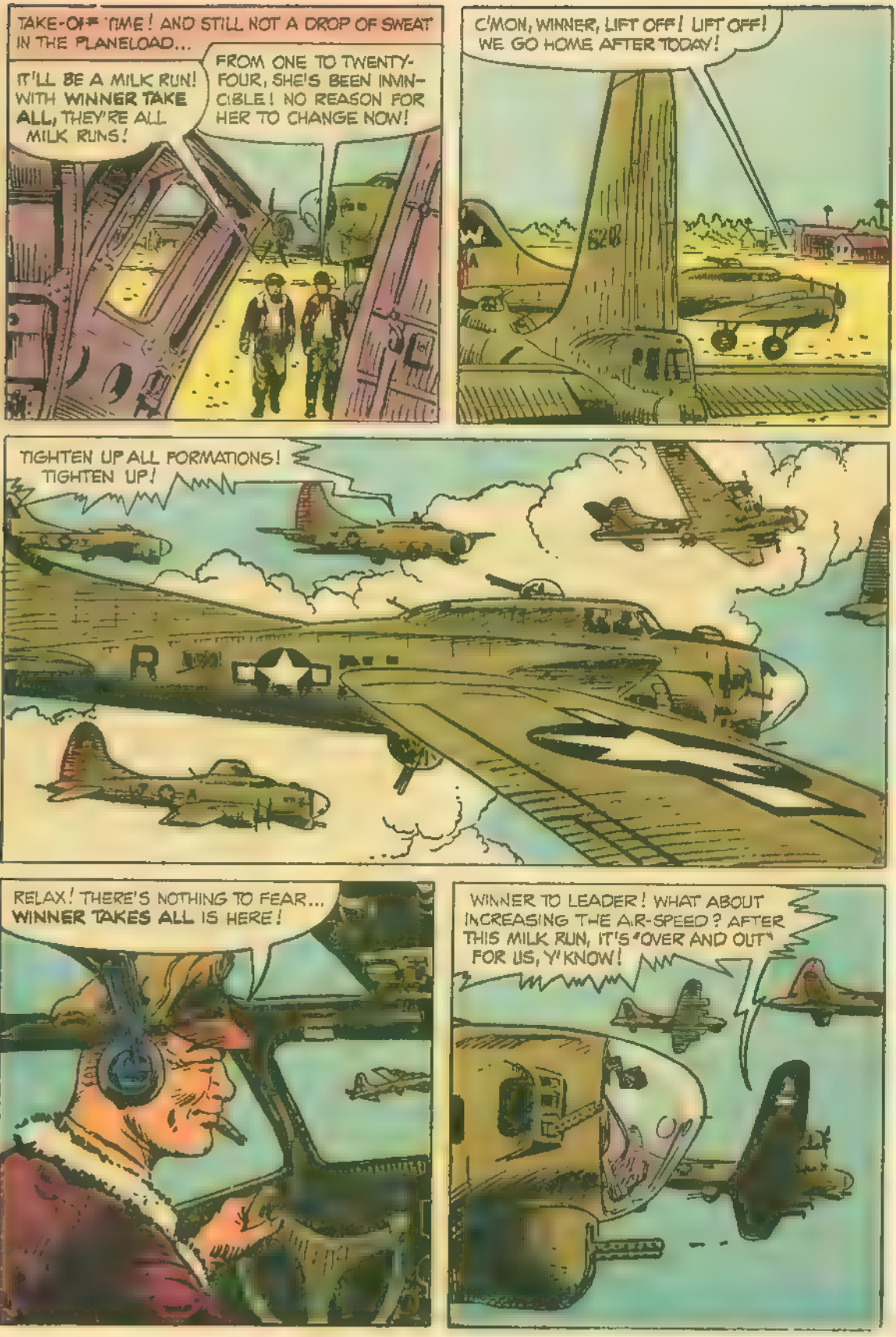

"THROUGH THE SEARING TURBULENCE OVER TARGETS BLOWING SKY-HIGH..."

"THROUGH AIR SECTORS STUDDED WITH ROCKETS AND PARACHUTE BOMBS..."

...AND LOOK AT HER, PRACTICALLY UNSCRATCHED AFTER TWENTY-FOUR MISSIONS!
WHEW! NO WONDER YOU CALL HER WINNER TAKE ALL!
Winner take All

BUT WHAT ABOUT TOMORROW'S MISSION... YOUR LAST ONE! IN THIS GAME, YOU ONLY LOSE ONCE! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE NOT SWEATING THAT OUT!
DO I LOOK AS IF I'M SWEATING? TWENTY-FOUR...TWENTY-FIVE--TO WINNER TAKE ALL, THEY'RE ALL THE SAME!

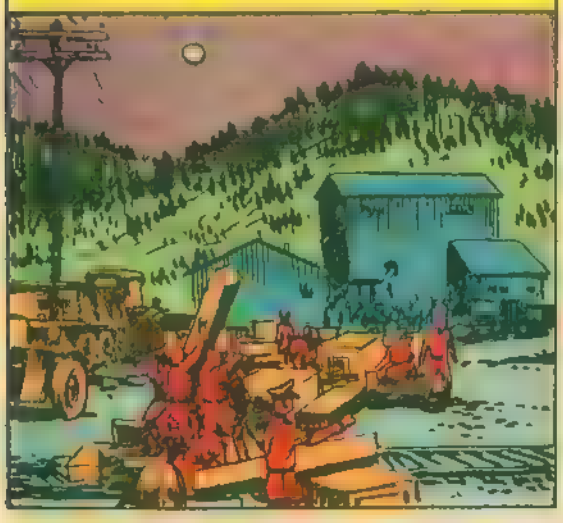
TOMORROW CAME...AND ALL DURING THE BRIEFING, EVERYONE SWEATED.
EVERYONE EXCEPT THE CREW MEMBERS OF WINNER TAKES ALL, THAT IS...


TAKE-OFF TIME! AND STILL NOT A DROP OF SWEAT IN THE PLANELOAD...
IT'LL BE A MILK RUN! WITH WINNER TAKE ALL, THEY'RE ALL MILK RUNS!
FROM ONE TO TWENTY-FOUR, SHE'S BEEN INVINCIBLE! NO REASON FOR HER TO CHANGE NOW!
C'MON, WINNER, LIFT OFF! LIFT OFF! WE GO HOME AFTER TODAY!
TIGHTEN UP ALL FORMATIONS! TIGHTEN UP!
RELAX! THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR... WINNER TAKES ALL IS HERE!
WINNER TO LEADER! WHAT ABOUT INCREASING THE AIR-SPEED? AFTER THIS MILK RUN, IT'S "OVER AND OUT" FOR US, Y'KNOW!

BUT TODAY'S MISSION WAS TO BE FAR FROM A MILK RUN. FOR THE TARGET-FACTORY WAS FAR MORE ESSENTIAL TO THE GERMAN WAR EFFORT THAN OUR FORCES KNEW! IN FACT, IT WAS SO VITAL...THAT SPECIAL MEASURES HAD BEEN TAKEN TO SECURE ITS PROTECTION ..

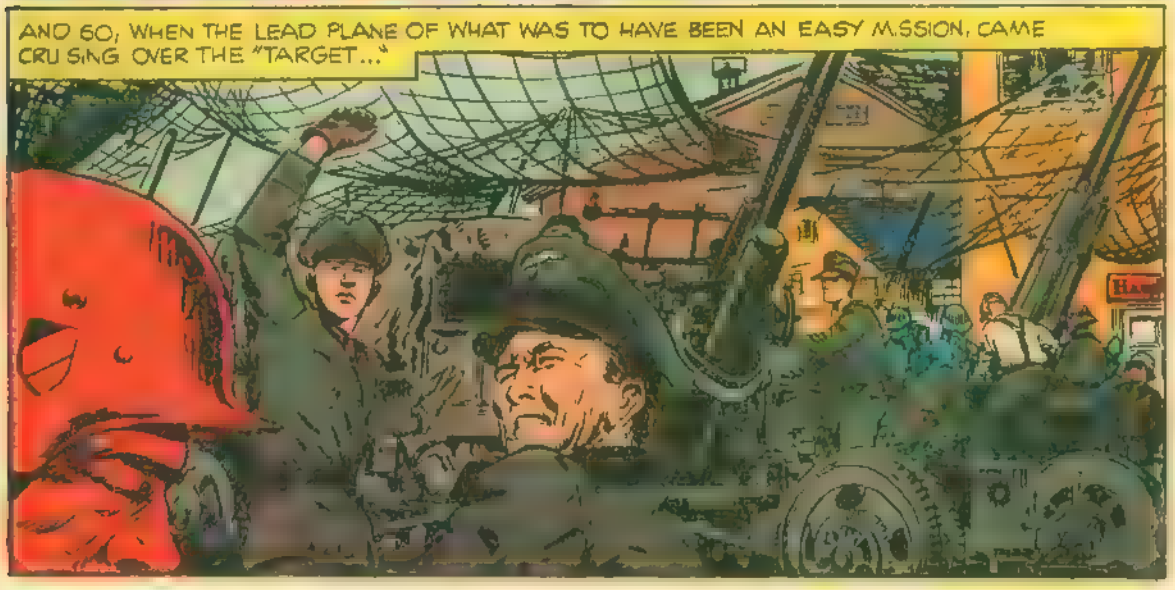
WORKING FEVERSHLY BY NIGHT THE GERMANS HAD MOVED THE FACTORY P.ECE BY PIECE...

TO A DISTANT, PERFECTLY CAMOUFLAGED SITE..



AND HAD PLACED IN THE EMPTIED BUILDINGS AT THE O.D S.TE...UNKNOWN TO OUR INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS...A MURDEROUS CONCENTRATION OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES!

AND SO, WHEN THE LEAD PLANE OF WHAT WAS TO HAVE BEEN AN EASY M.SSION, CAME CRU SING OVER THE "TARGET..."

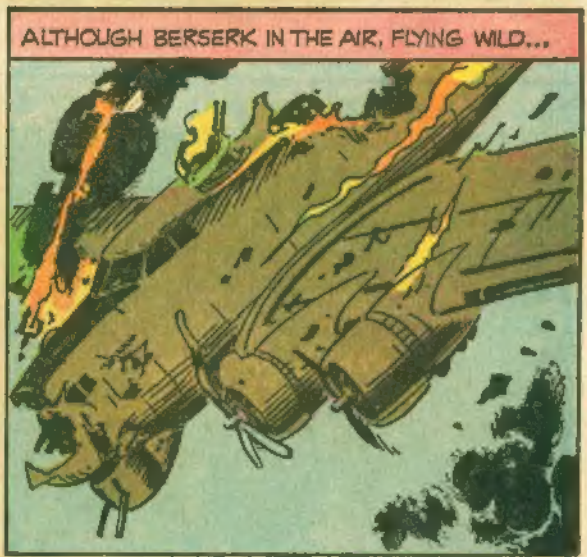


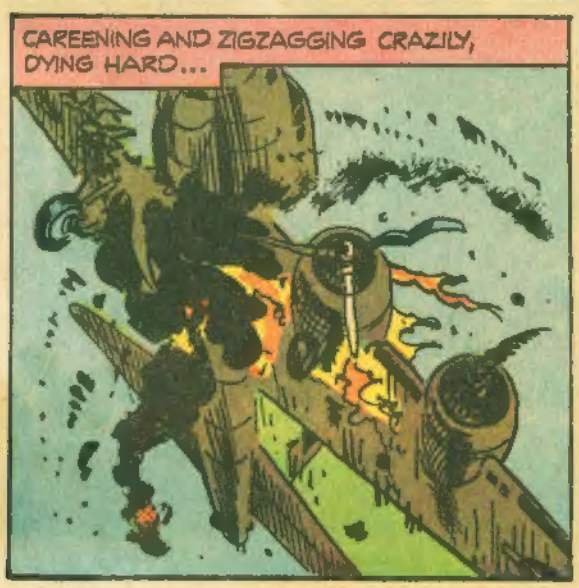
IT WAS AERIAL PANDEMONIUM! SHELLS BURSTING AND BOMBERS HURTLING DOWN ON EVERY SIDE...
LEADER TO ALL BOMBERS...FLAK TOO HEAVY OVER PRIMARY...TURN OFF...GO FOR SECONDARY TARGETS...
TURN OFF FOR THE SECONDARY? NO, SIREE-- WINNER TAKES ALL ISN'T CHICKENING OUT ON HER LAST MISSION! WHAT DO YOU SAY MEN? ARE YOU ALL WITH ME?
YOU BET!
SECOND THE MOTION!
WHERE THIS PLANE GOES...I GO!
ME, TOO!

AND THEN IT HAPPENED!
AND IT HAPPENED AGAIN!
AND AGAIN!!
THERE WAS NO MORE PUNISHMENT FOR WINNER TAKES ALL TO TAKE! THE SHIP WAS IN HER DEATH THROES...

NOBODY STIRRED INSIDE. IN THIS GAME...YOU ONLY LOSE ONCE!

BUT WINNER TAKES ALL WAS STILL AIRBORNE...

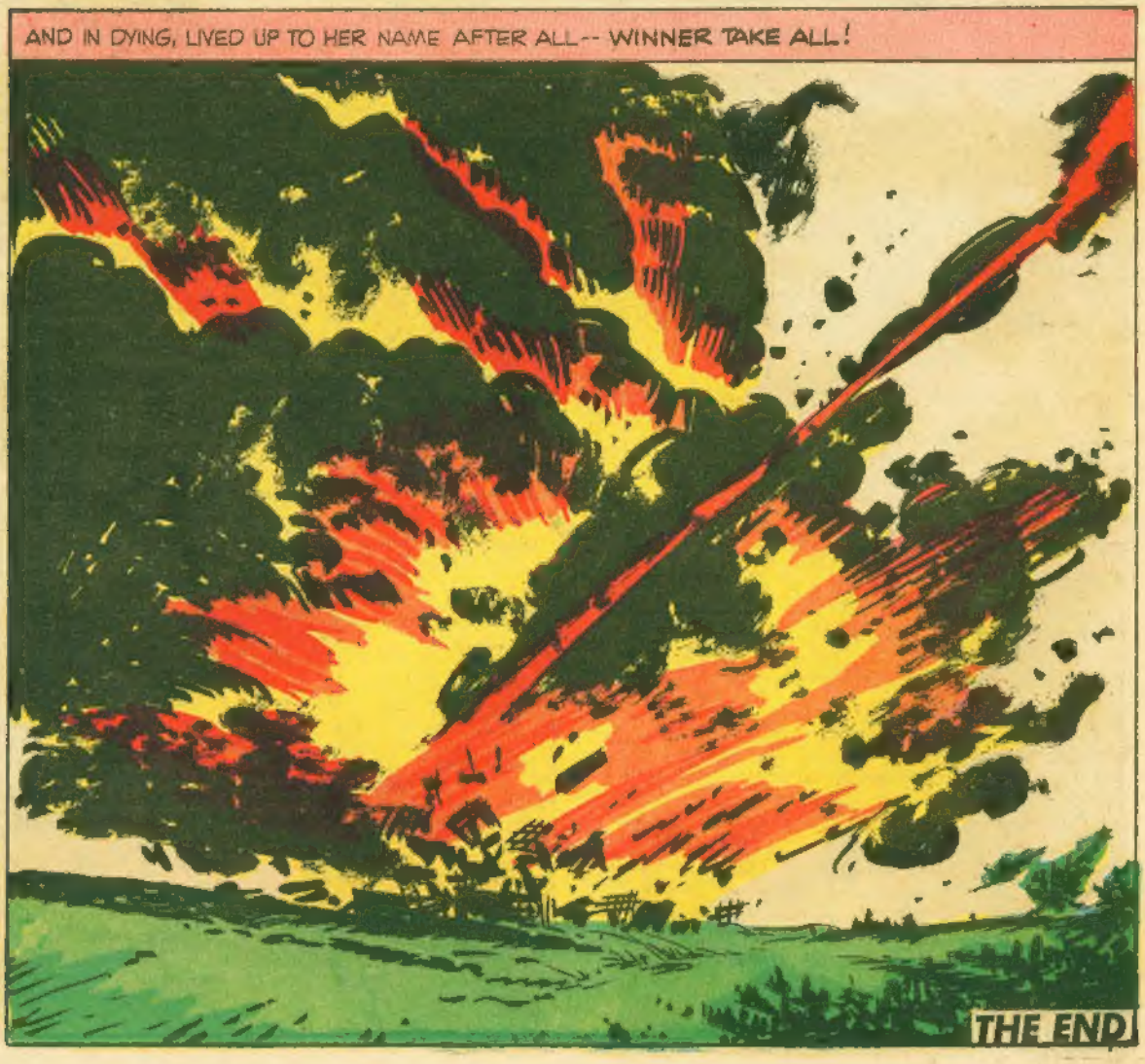

ALTHOUGH BERSERK IN THE AIR, FLYING WILD...


CAREENING AND ZIGZAGGING CRAZILY, DYING HARD...

UNTIL—
NEIN!..NEIN!

HURTLING EARTHWARD IN HER FINAL DEATH DIVE...

CALL IT DESTINY...CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL! THE GALLANT PLANE CAME DOWN PRECISELY ON THE NEW SITE OF THE FACTORY THAT WAS SO VITAL TO THE GERMAN WAR EFFORT...


AND IN DYING, LIVED UP TO HER NAME AFTER ALL-- WINNER TAKE ALL!
THE END

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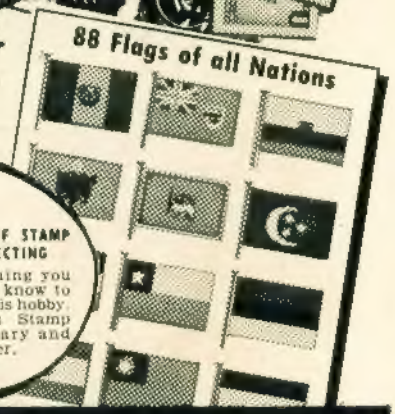

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